For time is like a faſhionable hoaſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th'hand,
And with his armes out-ſtretcht as he would flie,
Graſpes in the commer : the welcome euer ſmiles,
And farewell goes out ſighing. Let not vertue ſeeke,
Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſeruice,
Loue, friendſhip, charity, are ſubiects all
To enuious and calumniati g time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one conſent praiſe new-borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt ore-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent obiect.
Then maruell not thou great and complet man,
That all the Greekes begin to worſhip *Aiax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
That what ſtirs not. The crie went once on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldſt not entombe thy ſelfe aliue,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent.
Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions mongſt the gods themſelues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue ſtrong reaſons.

Vliſ. But gainſt your priuacie,
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall:
Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.

Achil. Ha? knowne.

Vliſ. Is that a wonder:
The prouidence thats in a watchfull ſtate,
Knowes almoſt euery thing,
Findes bottom in the vncomprehenſiue depth,
Keepes place with thought and almoſt like the gods,
Do thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles.

There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt neuer meddle) in the ſoule of ſtate,
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expreſſure to:
All the commerſe that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord,
And better would it fitt *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieue young *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in our Ilands ſound her trumpe,
And all the Greekiſh girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne,
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him:
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer ſpeake,
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.

Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I moou'd you,
A woman impudent and manniſh growne,
Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man
In time of action: I ſtand condemnd for this
They thinke my little ſtomack to the warre,
And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus,
Sweete rouſe your ſelfe, and the weake wanton *Cupid*,
Shall from your neck vnlooſe his amorous fould,
And like dew drop from the Lions mane,
Be ſhooke to ayre.

Ach. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*.

Patro. I and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrowdly gor'd.

Patro. O then beware.
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men do giue themſelues,
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
Euen then when they ſit idely in the ſunne.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hether ſweet *Patroclus*,
Ile ſend the foole to *Aiax*, and deſire him
T'inuite the Troyan lords after the combate,